THE COLUMBIA SPY.

COLEMAN J. BULL, Editor and Publisher. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE, $2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

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A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

Drs. John & Rohrer,

HAVE associated in the Practice of Medicine.
Columbia, April 1st, 1856-tf

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN,

DENTIST, Locust street, near the Post Office. Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, May 3, 1856.

H. M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Columbia, Pa.
Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties.
Columbia, May 4, 1850.

SAMUEL EVANS,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Second street, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, August 25, 1855.

J. E. HACHENBERG,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Penn'a. Office in Locust street, four doors above Front.
Columbia, May 15, 1852.

DAVIES E. BRUNER, ESQ.,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND CONVEYANCER, offers his services to the citizens of Columbia, and assures them that he will attend with promptitude to all business entrusted to his care. Office—Front street, between Union and Perry. Residence—South side Second street, 2nd door below Union.
Columbia, January 13, 1855-1y

SAMUEL LODGE,
Daguerreian Artist,
Corner Front & Locust sts., Columbia, Pa.
Pictures taken for 25 cents
And upwards, and satisfaction guaranteed.
☞No Picture need be taken from the Gallery unless it is such as is really desired.
Columbia, March 31, 1855.

B. F. APPOLD & CO.,

GENERAL FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, RECEIVERS OF
COAL AND PRODUCE,
And Deliverers on any point on the Columbia and Philadelphia Railroad, to York and Baltimore and to Pittsburg;
DEALERS IN COAL, FLOUR AND GRAIN, WHISKY AND BACON, have just received a large lot of Monongahela Rectified Whiskey, from Pittsburg, of which they will keep a supply constantly on hand, at low prices. Nos. 1, 2 and 6 Canal Basin.
Columbia, January 27, 1854.

J. SHROEDER,
Ladies Boot & Shoe Manufacturer,
No. 1 Locust street, Columbia, Pa.

RESPECTFULLY tenders his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage he has received, and would announce to his patrons that he has just supplied himself with a large and choice variety of materials, and is prepared to make up, in addition to his large stock of ready-made work on hand, Ladies, Misses, and Childrens SHOES, GAITERS, BOOTS, SLIPPERS, &c., in the latest and best styles. He solicits a continuance of the favor so liberally bestowed by the public.
JAMES SHROEDER,
March 15, 1856. Columbia, Pa.

Penn'a Rail Road Freight Station.

FREIGHT OFFICE and DEPOT in the new building, corner of Front and Gay streets, near the Collector's Office.
Ticket Office for Passengers, East and West, at the Washington Hotel.
ERASTUS K. BOICE, Freight & Ticket Agent.
April 19, 1856-tf

Gas Fitting.

HIRAM WILSON gives this branch of business particular attention. As he executes all work in this line himself, it will be warranted equal to any in the country, and at as low rates.
Thankful for the patronage with which he has already been favored, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.
HIRAM WILSON,
One door above Jonas Rumple's Hardware Store.
Columbia, Feb. 24, 1855.

OATS FOR SALE

BY THE BUSHEL, or in larger quantities, at Nos. 1, 2 & 6 Canal Basin.
B. F. APPOLD & CO.
Columbia, January 26, 1856.

GROCERIES!

THE subscriber would inform the public that he is constantly receiving fresh supplies of the best Family Groceries the market will afford; come and satisfy yourselves.
S. C. SWARTZ.
Columbia, June 21, 1856.

ROPES, ROPES, ROPES.

50 COILS, superior qualities, various sizes, just received and for sale cheap, by
WELSH & RICH.
Columbia, March 22, 1856.

BIRD SEED'S.—Canary, Hemp, and Rape Seeds For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S
April 12, Family Medicine Store.

PRIME HAMS, 12 1-2 cts. per pound;
Shoulders, 10 do do
Dried Beef, 14 do do
Tide Water Canal Money received for goods.
WELSH & RICH.
Columbia, May 17, 1856.

ALCOHOL and Burning Fluid, always on hand, at the lowest prices, at the Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.
February 2, 1856.

WHY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for $1.50 and upwards. at SHREINER'S!
Columbia, April 23, 1855.

JUST RECEIVED, a large and well selected variety of Brushes, consisting in part of Shoe, Hair, Cloth, Crumb, Nail, Hat and Teeth Brushes, and for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
March 22, '56. Front street Columbia, Pa.

A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

A SUPERIOR article of TONIC SPICE BITTERS, valuable for Hotel Keepers, for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front street, Columbia.

[illegible] ETHEREAL OIL, always on hand, and for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

JUST received, FRESH CAMPHENE, and for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

DR. GRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL. Just received a fresh supply of this popular remedy, and for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

[illegible] of WHALE AND CAR GREASING [illegible] at the store of the subscriber.
R. WILLIAMS,
[illegible] Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

[illegible] FLOUR, just received and for [illegible]
S. C. SWARTZ.

[illegible] TTLE-POWDER. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S
[illegible] Family Medicine Store.

GERHARD BRANDT,

CONTINUES to occupy the large building at the corner of Second and Locust streets, and offers to those desiring comfortable boarding the greatest conveniences. At his Saloons and Restaurant will be found Luxuries of all kinds in season, which will be served up in the best manner and at the shortest notice. He respectfully solicits a share of patronage.
[Columbia, May 10, 1856.

Mount Vernon House, Canal Basin, Columbia, Pa.
HENRY K. MINICH, PROPRIETOR.

☞The best accommodations and every attention given to guests, who may favor this establishment with their patronage. [April 19, 1855-tf

Franklin House, Locust st. Columbia, Pa

THE subscriber continues to occupy this well-known Hotel, and will do everything in his power to comfortably entertain all who may patronize him. His facilities for accommodating Horses, Droves, &c., are superior.
MARTIN ERWIN.
April 19, 1856-1y

Washington House, Columbia, Pa.
DANIEL HERR, PROPRIETOR.

THIS old and well-known house is still in the occupancy of the subscriber, and offers every inducement to the traveller, in the way of comfort and convenience. The Cars, east and west, start from this establishment, and it has other advantages unsurpassed by any. Terms reasonable.
D. HERR.
Columbia, April 12, 1856-1y

Bellevue House,

N. E. CORNER of Front and Walnut streets, COLUMBIA, PA.
JOSHUA J. GAULT, PROPRIETOR.
(Successor to Bardwell & Breneman and Mrs. Haines)
The House is furnished with all Modern Improvements, and every attention will be given to secure the comfort of guests. Charges moderate.
Columbia, April 12, 1856-tf

PIANOS.

Z. H. SHEPARD would respectfully inform the citizens of Columbia and vicinity, that he has effected an agency with the
Philadelphia Piano Forte Manufacturing Company,
whose Pianos for superior tone, finish, and durability, have for years stood unrivalled.
He is prepared to deliver them here at the lowest city prices, and would most respectfully solicit the patronage of such as wish to procure a good and substantial instrument.
A specimen of the above mentioned instrument may be seen by calling at his music room, east corner of Front and Locust streets, Columbia.
February 2, 1856.

BORDENTOWN FEMALE COLLEGE,

BORDENTOWN, New Jersey.—This institution is pleasantly located on the bank of the Delaware River, near the grounds of the late Joseph Bonaparte, and directly on the railroad between New York and Philadelphia. Being chartered with full collegiate powers, it confers diplomas on those who complete the prescribed course of study. Entire expenses for board, tuition, &c., for the collegiate course, one hundred and forty-four dollars per year. Ornamental branches extra. Pupils received at any period of the year and charged accordingly.
Catalogues may be obtained by addressing
Rev JOHN H. BRAKELEY, A M.
President.

Notices.

From the Trenton Daily State Gazette.

BORDENTOWN FEMALE INSTITUTE.—This ancient and well adapted to its purposes, can rarely be found. The young ladies have an elegant play ground, well shaded, and commanding a fine view of the Park, the Delaware, Penn's Manor, and Trenton. It has an extensive Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus, a large Herbarium, and a fine collection of American and Foreign minerals and fossils.

REV. MR. BRAKELEY'S FEMALE SEMINARY.—* * * * We may add from our personal acquaintance with the Principal, that pupils could not well be intrusted to the keeping of a more estimable teacher than he is—*State Journal Wilmington, Del.*

BORDENTOWN FEMALE COLLEGE.—It seems to us that the course of study marked out is most excellent—just the proper one to bring forth true women, and not the baubles turned off from many of our female seminaries.—*Camden (N J) Democrat.*

BORDENTOWN FEMALE COLLEGE.—The fact that our most prominent citizens and acknowledged careful parents entrust the welfare and education of their daughters to Rev. Mr. Brakeley is far greater testimonial in his behalf than any array of references.—*American Banner.*

BORDENTOWN FEMALE COLLEGE.—We know of no location in the country where the health of the students can be so promoted as here; while the air of beauty and romance which surrounds the place must tend in no small degree to the refinement and elevation of taste and feeling. * * * Of the literary advantages we need not speak; the name of Rev. J. H. Brakeley, as President, is a sufficient guarantee for them. Of stern integrity and moral worth—in his deportment mild, yet firm and unmoved, and endowed with superior educational qualifications—he cannot fail to exercise a most healthful and ennobling influence upon all who are under his influence.—*Bordentown Register.*

BORDENTOWN FEMALE COLLEGE.—A more pleasant and healthy sight could not be selected in all New Jersey for an institution of learning.—*New Brunswick Fredonian.*
June 21, 1856-1m

CIGARS! CIGARS!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. The undersigned invite the attention of the public to their extensive stock of CIGARS, of all kinds, which they offer at prices *cheaper than ever sold in this town before.*
Also, just received a fresh supply of FAMILY GROCERIES.
HEGMAN & FRITSCH,
Corner of Locust and Third streets.
Columbia, February 2, 1856.

GEORGE J. SMITH,

WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake Baker.—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, too numerous to mention: Crackers; Soda, Wine, Scroll, and Sugar Biscuit; Confectionery, of every description, &c., &c.
LOCUST STREET,
Feb. 2, '56. Between the Bank and Franklin House.

HOUSE ROOFING, SPOUTING,

Plumbing, Bell Hanging, and everything connected with the business, will be promptly attended to by the subscriber, on the most reasonable terms. Constantly on hand a large supply of Lead Pipe suitable for Hydrants. All work warranted.
HIRAM WILSON,
corner of Second and Locust streets.
Columbia, Feb. 21, 1855

LIVERY STABLE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has assumed the proprietorship of the Livery Stables, formerly kept by Mr. J. B. Edwards, and recently by Mr. John Fetterly. He respectfully solicits the patronage of all who may need any convenience in the line, determined to do his best to accommodate his customers, as far as may lie in his power. His charges shall be moderate—so much so that he feels assured of giving satisfaction on this point as well as all others.
THOMAS GROOM.
Columbia, April 19, 1856-tf

GEORGE J. SMITH,

LOCUST STREET, has just commenced manufacturing LEMON BEER, and keeps constantly on hand, a full assortment of SUMMER DRINKS.
Columbia, April 19, 1856

Just Received,

A LARGE LOT of Children's Carriages, Gigs, Rocking Horses, Wheelbarrows, Propellers, Nursery Swings, &c.
GEORGE J. SMITH.
April 19, 1856. Locust street.

CHINA and other Fancy Articles, too numerous to mention, for sale by G. J. SMITH, Locust street, between the Bank and Franklin House.
Columbia, April 19, 1856.

Excellent Dried Beef,

SUGAR Cured and Plain Hams, Shoulders and Sides, for sale by
March 22, 1856. WELSH & RICH.

SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Purgative Mineral Water—This pleasant medicine which is highly recommended as a substitute for Epsom Salts, Seidlitz Powders, &c., can be obtained fresh every day at SAM'L. FILBERT'S Drug Store, Front st. [p2

BACHELOR'S HAIR DYE.—No burning, blistering Compound could ever have attained the universal favor accorded to this the original, never-failing favorite. Nature is not more true to herself than the brown or black produced in the reddest, grayest, or most frowsy hair by it. Made and sold, or applied at Bachelor's Wig Factory, 233 Broadway, N. Y. The genuine article for sale at
McCORKLE & DELLETT'S
April 12. Family Medicine Store.

Poetry.

From the Boston Courier.

REVELRY IN EAST INDIA.

The following remarkable poem appeared originally, it is believed in the St. Helena *Magazine*, and was afterwards copied into the London *Spectator* and other journals. It will be new to most readers. It relates to the early services of English officers in India when the army was mowed down by pestilence. When Mr. Macaulay's account of the effects of small pox is remembered, as it describes the separation of brothers, sisters and lovers, it will be seen that this poem gives, with wonderful effect, what is far nobler, however painful, the very poetry of military despair, but still the *dying together* of brothers in arms:

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter
And the walls around are bare,
As they shout to our peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses, steady;
We drink to our comrades' eyes,
Quaff a cup to the dead already;
And hurra! for the next that dies.

Not here are the goblets glowing;
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,
And dark, as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise,—
A cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles;
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall, midst the wine cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys;
One cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

Time was when we frowned at others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let *them* think of their mothers,
Who hope to see them again!
No! stand to your glasses steady!
The thoughtless are here, and the wise;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

There's many a hand that's shaking;
There's many a cheek that's sunk:
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk!
So stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis here the revival lies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

There's a mist on the glass congealing
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of death.
Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
For a moment the vapor flies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore?
Where the high and the haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more?
No! stand to your glasses steady!
The world is a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betray'd by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind.
Stand! stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already:
And hurra! for the next that dies.

GOD'S BLESSING ON THEM.

BY CHARES WILTON.

God's blessing on them!—those old saints
Who battled hard and long;
Who cleft in twain a stubborn chain,
And conquered might and wrong!
O, Time! revere their sanctity,
Nor let their glory cease;
For by mortal victory,
They sealed immortal peace.

God's blessing on them!—those stout hearts,
In these advancing days,
Who seek to guide the progress stride
From error's countless ways!
O! be their track a track of light,
The onward march of man;
The wise to shape our steps aright—
The good to lead the way.

God's blessing on them!—one and all,
Of every rank and clime,
Who strive to aid the stern crusade
Against the growth of crime!
O! be their names a rallying cry
For ages yet to come:
A word whose echo shall not die
Till nature's self be dumb!

Miscellaneous.

THE THREE SPINNERS.

[We give a place to the following queer little fairy-story, as an amusing specimen of the German nursery tales. We don't quite approve of the moral of the story, but as we cannot believe that any of our readers are lazy little girls, we need not warn them against depending on 'magical women' to help them through their tasks, and then dishonestly passing the ugly industrious creatures off for aunts.—*Little Pilgrim.*]

Once there was a maiden who was lazy and would not spin: and however much her mother talked to her, she could not bring her to it. Finally one day the mother overcome by anger, gave the girl a beating, at which she began to weep aloud. Now, just at that time, the Queen was riding by, and as she heard the weeping, ordered her carriage to stop. She stepped into the house and asked the mother why she beat her daughter. Then the woman was ashamed to reveal the faults of her daughter, and answered, "I cannot prevent her from spinning. She will ever and continually spin, and I am poor and cannot procure her the flax." Then said the Queen, "I like nothing better than spinning—am never more delighted than when the wheel is buzzing. Allow your daughter to come with me into the palace. I have flax enough there; there shall she spin as much as she pleases." The mother readily consented, and the Queen took the maiden with her.

As she came into the palace, she led the girl up to three chambers, which lay filled from the bottom to the top, with the most beautiful flax.

"Now, spin this flax," said she "and when you bring it to me completed, you shall have my oldest son for your husband; though you are poor, I will not mind that; your indefatigable industry is dower enough."

The maiden was inwardly frightened, for she could not spin the flax even should she live to be three hundred years old, and should sit at it every day from morning till night. As she was now alone she began to weep, and sat so three days without turning a hand.

On the third day the Queen came, and wondered when she saw there was nothing spun. The maiden excused herself by saying that she was so sad at being so widely separated from her mother's house, that she could not yet begin. This the Queen received, but said, upon going away, "To-morrow you must commence your work."

As the maiden was alone again, and knew not how to advise or help herself, she stepped, in her distress, to the window. There she saw three women approaching, of whom the first had a broad, flat foot; the second had an under lip so large that it hung down over her chin; and the third had a broad thumb. As she remained before the window they stopped, looked up, and asked the maiden what she wanted.

After she related to them her trouble, they offered her their assistance, and said, "If you will invite us to your wedding, and not be ashamed of us, call us your aunts, and give us seats at the table, then will we spin up your flax in quick time."

"With all my heart," answered she, come now, and begin to work."

So she let in the magical women, and made a hole in the flax in the first chamber, where they seated themselves and began their spinning. The first drew out the thread and trod the wheel; the second moistened the thread, and the third reeled it and struck with her finger upon the table, and as often as she struck, a skein of yarn fell to the floor and it was spun in the finest manner.

The maiden concealed the three spinners from the Queen, and showed her, as often as she came, such qualities of spun yarn, that the latter found no end to her praise.

When the first chamber was cleared, they went to the second, and at last to the third which was soon ended. Now the three women took their leave and said to the girl.

"Forget not what you have promised us—it will be for your [illegible]"

As the maiden showed the Queen the empty rooms, and the great piles of yarn, she began making preparations for the wedding.

The bridegroom was delighted that he was going to have so skillful and expeditious a wife, and praised her very much.

"I have three aunts," said the maiden, "who have been very good to me, and I would not willingly forget them in my prosperity. Permit that I invite them to the wedding, and give them seats at the table."

The Queen and bridegroom gave a willing consent.

At last, when the feast had commenced, three curiously dressed women stepped in.

"Ah!" said the bridegroom, "how came you by these deformed relatives?"

Thereupon, he went to the one with a broad flat foot, and asked—"Why have you such a broad foot?" "From treading," said she, "from treading."

Then he went to the second and said—"From whence have you that long under lip?"

"From moistening thread," answered she, from moistening thread."

Then asked he the third—"Why have you the broad thumb?"

"From thread twisting," answered she, "from thread twisting.'

"Then shall my beautiful bride henceforth never, *never* touch a wheel."

Thus did she get rid of the bad flax spinning.

A RUSSIAN MISTRESS JEALOUS OF HER SLAVE.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* of the 21st of July, gives the following illustration of serfdom in Russia, as of recent occurrence:

Among the serfs owned by a widow lady, was a girl who had been brought up with unusual indulgence, had received a superior education, and acquired manners far more cultivated than belonged to her class, to which advantages was added the natural gift of an attractive person. At an early age she was apprenticed at St. Petersburg to a French dressmaker; and having attained to some skill in the business, was after a time offered profitable employment.

This her mistress permitted her to accept, on the usual payment of an *obrok* to herself in lieu of her personal service. The girl conducted herself well in her situation, acquired a knowledge of the French language and formed habits of considerable refinement.—Here she attracted the notice of an officer of the rank of colonel, who in due time proved his attachment by offering marriage. The girl accepted the propasal, and nothing remained but to obtain her freedom from her mistress. The purchase money the colonel was willing to pay. This ought to have been regulated by the *obrok* which the girl had paid, calculated by so many years' purchase. The officer, however, was not disposed to cavil about the price, but on applying to the mistress, to whom he unfortunately explained his purpose, he received for answer that on no terms whatever would she emancipate her slave.

Every effort was used to shake the resolution, which appeared unaccountable; but argument entreaty and money were alike unavailing, and the lady remained inexorable, giving in the end the clue to her obstinacy by observing that she would never see her serf take precedence of her, as she would do if married to a colonel, while she was herself but the widow of a major. The match was necessarily broken off, and the girl's prospect of happiness destroyed. To complete her missery, her mistress revoked her leave of absence, and ordered her as soon as possible to return to her native village.—Arrived in the village the unhappy girl, accustomed to the habits and customs of civilized life, was clothed in the coarse garments of an ordinary peasant, and was forthwith ordered to marry a rough *moujik* of the same class. Revolting at this tyranny and refusing to obey, she was flogged and though she still resisted for a while, a long continuance of cruel and degrading treatment conquered her in the end, and she was forced to submit to the miserable lot entailed upon her by the wretched jealousy of her heartless mistress.

"TROTTING OUT" LONGFELLOW.

But to add to the zest of this up-the-Mississippi trip, you must know that the good boat Northern Belle also bore as one of her passengers the veritable Longfellow. The Historical Society had extended to the poet an invitation to be present at the corner-stone laying, and a distinctly marked trunk, "H. W. Longfellow." coming on board, settled the fact that the author of Hiawatha was one of our number. But which is he? was the oft-repeated question, and none answered except to guess. At the table each one was looking most intently at the other, to divine which was the poet, and all wondered why every one stared so. This man was pronounced the poet because he wore a moustache; that one because he shaved clean; and we noted that the fact as to who was Longfellow, was settled either by the excess or lack of hair. This doubt, in a few hours, became unendurable, and the universal cry was to "trot out" Longfellow. Finally, by the aid of the clerk, the number of the state room was ascertained to be 30, and a guard placed at either door of 30 so that no one could escape thence undetected. Soon the door opened, and Longfellow passed to the deck where were assembled the curious. It was arranged that an old Virginia major, who had faced the red men in their most savage days at Fort Snelling, should draw from the mysterious passenger an admission that he was the poet Longfellow. The major, by his age and fund of information regarding the Indians, was a privileged character on board, and stepping up to the occupant of 30, slapped him on the shoulder with—

"Well, old chap, they say you are Longfellow."

"That is my name, sir," was the answer.

"Well," persevered the major, "are you H. W. Longfellow.

"I am," replied the now observed of all observers.

"Well," continued the major, "are you Longfellow, author of—of—of—, what do you call it?"

"Hiawatha!" replied a half-a-dozen voices.

"Oh, yes! are you H. W. Longfellow, author of Hiawatha?"

All eyes were now riveted upon him of state-room 30, for the answer to so direct a question must determine the interesting query. We leave our readers to imagine the scene, when the close questioned occupant of 30 said:

"I am H. W. Longfellow, a shoemaker at St. Paul."

You had better believe that curiosity was sewed up with a "waxed end," in a very short space of time, by that reply: a shower of "lap stones" could not more effectually have scattered that party: they started to their feet as if sitting on a "bristle." The "Song of Hiawatha," of which at least twenty copies had, up to that moment, been constantly open, vanished into satchels, and poetry of the trip was suddenly changed into the matter of fact article of shoe-leather.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A RIGHT EXAMPLE.

Many years ago, in an obscure country school in Massachusetts, an humble, conscientious boy was to be seen; and it was evident to all, that his mind was beginning to act and thirst for some intellectual good. He was alive to knowledge. Next we see him put forth on foot to settle in a remote town in that State, and pursue his fortunes there as a shoemaker, his tools being carefully sent on before him. In a short time he is in business in the post of county surveyor for Litchfield county, being the most accomplished mathematician in that section of the State. Before he is twenty-five years of age, we find him supplying the astronomical matter of an almanac in New York. Next he is admitted to the bar, a self-fitted lawyer. Now he is found on the bench of the Supreme Court of the State.—Next he becomes a member of the Continental Congress. Then he is a member of the committee of six to frame the Declaration of Independence. He continued a member of Congress for nearly twenty years, and was acknowledged to be one of the most useful men and wisest counselors of the land. At length, having discharged every office with a perfect ability; and honored in his sphere the name of a Christian, he died regretted and loved by the State and the nation. The man was Roger Sherman. We take particular satisfaction, now and then, in chronicling the career of these self-made men; and holding them up as bright examples for the youth of our time to follow. It is the best service a journalist can perform for the good of the rising generation.

IRVING'S WASHINGTON.

The continuation of the "Life of Washington" will not fail of welcome in some quarters among us, if not in all. We have spoken already of the pleasure with which we have seen the veteran writer of America engaged in the autumn of his age upon a work so worthy of him. We may congratulate ourselves also in the appearance of it in England at the present juncture, in a form which promises, and indeed implies, a very large circulation. The biography of Washington is the record of a defeat of the English government, the most memorably mortifying which the annals of the country have to relate; and it seems that the English people can distinguish between the Government and themselves, and can read with pleasure the story of that great revolt, even now, when the same Government representing the same elements among us, is in danger of a renewal of the disastrous struggle. The aristocracy have, indeed, disclaimed the policy which raised America from a colony into an empire; but the form only is changed, the spirit remains the same, and the War of Independence was but a part of the same conflict which commenced in England in what is called Rebellion which has continued down into our own time through corn-law repeals and unfinal reform bills, and which yet awaits its consummation. The *people* on both sides of the Atlantic are one people. The true heroes of America are our heroes, and ours are theirs: and if those who are *not* the people, but who in America at least have for a time the control of power, dream of dividing those whom nature has forbidden to be divided, they will precipitate their own destiny and precipitate ours. We pass beyond our province in in alluding to these things. Yet the pen must write what the heart feels; and if we speak of Washington, we must speak of what Washington's life and being mean. The story moves slowly as we enter the war. The first volume brought us down to Bunker's Hill and Washington's assumption of the command of the American army. The second advances us but two years further, to the retreat of Lord Cornwallis in the winter of 1776-7. Throughout the last volume also the history leaves the individual fortunes [illegible] where it touches himself we have rather the great traits before us of the statesman and the commander than features of private character. This, of course, is what we had to expect; and if we regret anything, it is that Mr. Irving's powers seem scarcely to keep pace with the expansion of his subject. His peculiar humor has no room to show itself; where he writes of battles, sieges, and the passion which the struggle forced into play, he becomes rather a chronicler of events than a historian of human actions; and we miss the restrained but palpable emotion which ought to accompany such narratives. We have no right to complain, however. The work is gracefully and lovingly done, and his enthusiasm for his hero never flags.—*Westminster Review.*

THE PERILS OF LISPING.

The following is said to be a veritable incident in the experience of a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church:

A couple brought their little child to me one day to be baptised, and upon my enquiring the name chosen, to my astonishment I heard sounds which resembled very much one of the titles bestowed upon the arch enemy of mankind. Supposing that my ears deceived me I enquired again, when the same word, to my horror, was far more distinctly repeated. "Lucifer!" said I to myself, "impossible! I cannot baptize a child by such a name." I bent over once more and a third time asked the question. The answer was still the same, and repeated louder and with an emphasis as if the parents were determined to have that or none.

By this time my situation had become embarrassing, for there was I, in the presence of the whole waiting congregation, standing up with the baby in my arms, which, to add to my consternation set up a squall, as if to convince me he was entitled to that name. I could stand the scene no longer: so hastily dipping my finger in the font, and resolving he should have a good name, as opposite as possible to the diabolical one so strangely selected, I baptized the infant George Washington. I thought the parents looked queer at the time, but the rite was performed; the baby had got an excellent name, and I was relieved. But conceive, if you can, my confusion when, after service the father and mother came into the vestry, and the latter bursting into tears exclaimed, "Oh, thir, what have you done? Ith a girl, ith a girl, and you've called her George Washington! My poor little Luthy, my dear little Luthy!" Alas, the mother *lisped*, and when I asked for the name she, she meaning to be very polite and to say "Lucy, sir," in reply to my question had said "Luthy, thir," which I mistook for Lucifer. What was to be done? I consoled the afflicted parents as well as I was able, and promised to enter the name into the parish registry and town record as Lucy, which I did; but for all that the girl's genuine orthodox name is George Washington.

AN ITALIAN FLEA SHOW.

The following extract is from the Florence correspondence of the Newark *Daily Advertiser:*

Learned bears, learned monkeys, and learned pigs are exhibited in other countries—learned fleas here! Who would believe this who has not seen for himself a tiny chariot of cobweb wire drawn nimbly over a three feet race course by a team of these spry insects while another of them holds the reins—composed of gold thread as fine as the finest hair—he driving four in hand, and the insect coursers trotting as methodically along, as if it had never been in their nature to jump. An Irishman would say that the hardest part of the training of fleas must be to catch them; this is done by means of gum, where they find themselves all at once in the condition of the "two men stuck in the mud." Here the almost invisible wire is passed through holes pierced in the insect's shell, which may be seen only by magnifying glass, resembling the [illegible] tle, and is what makes it so hard to kill.—some time and training are necessary, as may be supposed, to break its prancing gait into a sober trot; but time and patience can accomplish almost everything, and after a while the little erratic animals go very well in harness; and the coachman holds steadfastly the ribbons. Not, however, until well bribed with blood, which the keeper lets them draw from his own veins, feeding them as the opening part of the performance, on his brawny arm; for so tame are they as to bite in the presence of numerous spectators; nor is this wonderful considering that they are among the *domestic* animals of Italy.—The exhibition has as much sense and more marvel in it, than the best monkey show; it has moreover, a wise usage, that of teaching the stranger, smarting and fidgeting under the visitation of the same tormenting insect, that it may serve other purposes besides that of exercising the fingers.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

If the French hymn of Liberty, the Marsellaise, was composed under exciting circumstances, the Star Spangled Banner was inspired by events no less patriotic by our distinguished countryman, Mr. Francis Scott Key, an able and eloquent lawyer, an accomplished gentleman, a man of noble and generous impulses. During the war with the British in 1814, Mr. F. Scott Key was residing in Baltimore and hearing of the detention of a dear and intimate friend, he started to obtain his release. He went as far as the mouth of the Potapsco river, which enters the Chesapeake Bay, and is about eighty-five miles north of the Potomac river. Here he was arrested and carried on board a British man of war, belonging to the British fleet stationed at Fort McHenry, the bombardment of which he was compelled to witness. The English admiral boasted before Mr. Key, that he would take the fort in a few hours, and the city of Baltimore, within the two succeeding days. The bombardment continued during the whole day and following night, without making an impression either on the strength of the works or the spirit of the garrison.

Our patriotic countryman stood on the deck watching, through the smoke that sometimes obscured it, the banner of freedom waving over the fort. At length night came and he could see it no more. Still he watched, until at length dawn began to bring objects around into distinctness. With a beating heart he turned towards the fort, and there, waving in the morning breeze, high and uninjured, was the banner with its stars and stripes, the banner of freedom and independence, then in its early days. It was at this moment of joy and triumph that Francis Scott Key, under the influence of patriotic excitement, composed the Star Spangled Banner. After Mr. Key had been liberated, and the British had retired from Fort McHenry, without attempting the attack on the city of Baltimore, he completed his patriotic hymn, which was enthusiastically received then, and has ever been considered as one of the national songs of our country.

☞The following is well worthy a place, if for no other reason, for the important moral which it conveys and enforces:

Sydney Smith, the late lamented prelate and pre-eminent satirist of the follies and vices of his time, (and the present,) while travelling in a stage-coach one day, was long annoyed by a young man who had acquired the polite art of swearing to such an extent, that he could no help interlarding his discourse with it, as though it were a constituent part of the language. As there happened to be a lady present, the matter was doubly annoying.

After enduring the young man's display for some time, Smith asked the company to be permitted to tell them a little anecdote; which he thus commenced:

"Once upon a time (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes,) there was a king (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes,) who, at a grand ball (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes,) picked up the Duchess of (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes,) Shrewsbury's garter [boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) and said, 'Honi soit qui mal y (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes,) pense,' which means in English, Evil to him, who (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes,) evil thinks. This was the origin of (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes,) the order of the garter."

When the witty clergyman had concluded, the young gentleman said:

"A very good story, sir—rather old—but what the d——l has *boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes*, to do with it?"

"I will tell you, my young friend," answered Sydney, "when you tell me what 'd——n my eyes' etc., have to do with your conversation. In the mean time, allow me to say, that is *my* style of swearing."

The young blasphemer at once "dried up."

This anecdote forcibly illustrates the remark, that of all vices profane swearing, in a mere worldly point of view, is the most foolish. Other vices may have some sensual pleasure to palliate them, but the profane swearer gains nothing by his indulgence.